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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

To E. V. L. B.

On Liszt's Chopin.*

Last week you were with me, and to-day, on this blessed Holy Saturday, I am chanting over to myself,—thinking of your short-winged visit the while,—the compositions of an artist friend, which we admired together one little week ago this very day.

These beautiful Musical Beatitudes of Faustina Hasse Hodges—"Cloister Memories"—have made a fitting and meet service for this Holy-day to me. Look over again that first one, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and notice in the middle the royal crowning.

A fierce wild storm is driving around me out doors, and white swirls of snow are dashing up like waves on the wind ocean, carrying along with them slender branches of trees and clouds of young bud sheaths. A rough greeting to the young April buds and May blossoms; and I should tremble for my pretty plants, whose pointed green spikes and tender young leaves I noticed yesterday were peeping out to catch the sweet warm sun and breathe the soft spring air;—but I know the soil has strange secrets, which it will not yield up to science; and these seemingly rude snow storms in spring, and dry, unkind midsummer droughts are, in very truth, blessings in disguise; like some dear friends who hide hearts overrunning with rich tenderness and strong help, under a harsh outside. In the thirsty drought, Nature is plunging deep into Earth's bosom, drawing up from her very heart some secret food for the soil to be found nowhere else; and the cold snow is bringing down from high heaven upon the young plant, or grain, or fruit bud, some subtle life essence, or antidote against worm sting, which the most learned man in all the world would not know how to find. Therefore, we will accept graciously this January greeting to Easter Eve, knowing that to-morrow's sun will cover with warm kisses the sparkling icedew, pouring down a flood of warm life into earth's bosom.

Easter Eve! Even though it would be taking you from your holy church duties, I would fain have you with me this evening. Here lies a pleasant letter from you, which, though a part of you, is not you; and here is Miss Mulock's impassioned poem, "A common story"; and beside the two on the library desk lies something still better,—I am sure you would say—than even a letter from me, or the beautiful poem; and this thing it is I wish to have you here to enjoy with me.

Solitude is sweet—very sweet; and at most times I like it best. Do not call me ungracious, for I like it best only when I have little to share, beyond routine and the small, still pleasures of a retired life such as mine is now; but sometimes there comes a wind-fall of rich fruit; then I would

* *Life of Chopin*, by F. LISZT. Translated from the French by MARTHA WALKER COOK. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt. New York: F. W. Christiern. 1863.

like to throw my heart and library door open wide, and call in some one of the many I love dearly, to share my feast with me.

And what is this feast of the present moment? You remember some weeks since I mentioned at the close of an article in "Dwight's Journal of Music" on Mr. Brook's translation of "Titan" the approaching publication of a very fine translation of Liszt's curious monograph, "Chopin", to-day's mail brought me the promised volume, and this charming little book is the feast.

Mr. Leypoldt has shown much taste as well as courage in getting up this beautiful little series of translations. The first was Andersen's "Ice Maiden"† and other tales, a delicious little Ophelia bouquet of wild flowers and willow slips. Liszt's "Chopin" is the second, and both are presented in a form and a style, which must gratify the translators, and make the artistic reading public very grateful to the enterprising publisher.

Ten years! A long while ago, is it not? To look forward to—yes; but not a long while when one at last arrives at the end, and finds waiting there that which was desired, and which had to be yielded up at the time, without hope of possession in the future.

Ten years ago I first read the MS. of this excellent translation,—I have told you of it often; and I knew of its being offered for publication, not for gain, but simply for Art's service and help, and it was refused, as being an *unsaleable* work.

Artists and art lovers in America should feel very much encouraged when they see what advance has been made in these past ten years.—Not only is such a book saleable now, but this very one has been asked for, because in this decade of years an audience has arisen for it. I wonder if this experience will teach any one patience? I fear not, for it is but a repetition of the experience of others, and it is so hard to learn to eat one's daily bread of slow gathering success, crumb by crumb; and yet it rarely comes any other way, indeed to some it never comes at all!

Now a few words for the Tone-poet this book commemorates, and then, my Chopin-loving friend, I shall leave you to lose yourself in its glowing pages. At this moment, when every one is straining a listening ear above the noise and din of our own wild rage of conflict, to hear across the ocean the sound of the present Polish uprising, this *Life of Chopin* possesses a double and treble interest.

Chopin was a child born in that period well called "*le berceau sanglant de la Sainte Alliance*," when that "European remorse," as De Mazade calls Poland's partition, was being confirmed; "*le prélude des bouleversements Européens*," as Talleyrand characterized it. The word *prélude*, too, is best, and Chopin was one of Poland's children, who chanted divinely, a part in the music of this Nation-prélude.

† ANDERSEN'S *Ice Maiden and other tales*, translated by FANNY FULLER. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt, 1863.

For two-thirds of a century cold-blooded diplomatists have been naming Polish demands for independence, "diplomatic impossibilities," and her submission to Russia "a diplomatic necessity;" and we have listened to the melodies of her poets and singers and regarded them "as the saddest, sweetest, most awful notes one may ever hear,—the eloquence of an expiring Nation." But now we may hope and believe Talleyrand's word "*prélude*," and while we listen anew to Chopin, hear in his notes the song greeting of the new day, rather than the death of the old life.

A great American orator said of Kossuth, that his eloquence held all with a chain, as absolute as that with which the Ancient Mariner kept back the bridal guest, after the music of the marriage feast had begun. And so it is with Chopin; while listening to his music we hear the whole story too of "one family of man oppressed by another, contending for freedom; cloven down on the field, yet again erect; the body dead, her spirit incapable of dying; the victim of treachery; the victim of power; yet breathing, sighing, lingering, dying, hoping through all the pain, the bliss of an agony of glory."‡

There is a celebrated Pole, Comte André Zamoyiski, who is so beloved in Poland every one speaks of him as "Monsieur André;" De Mazade calls him the living conscience of the nation; some years ago he caused to be placed at the entrance of the crypt of the Church of Sainte Croix at Warsaw, a sculptured effigy, the peculiar sense of which the Russians did not see at first.

It is a Christ bowing down under a cross, who, raising his head with a despairing effort, points to heaven. Above it is written: "*sursum cor*!"

De Mazade says, "It is an image as touching as new of struggling nations, and struggling men who having faith in works, keep up hope even when hope seems no longer left to them." And this hope we can hear in Chopin's music.

You will notice in this beautiful translation how skilfully, and yet tenderly, Liszt has analyzed the subtle, interwoven character of this Polish tone-poet. Chopin possessed the traditional genius of his Nation; its dramatic nature and secret sadness; his sentiment and feeling were so profound they seemed like instinct; this is said to be peculiar to the Sclavic races;—all this we hear in his music, and while listening to his compositions we are thrown into a state of vague, sorrowful reverie, and a mystic, supernatural emotion thrills through us, as if we felt the movement of unseen spirits beside us.

In Chopin this instinct became exalted, as it were, owing to his social position and physical feebleness; touching society only on his wounded side, as the expatriated artist must necessarily, his existence was one of continued suffering. But this suffering demanded no humiliating pity; on the contrary his reserved and quiet, high-bred bearing gave it dignity and attraction. And this very suffering too, both mental and physical, threw force and color into his productions; there

‡ Choate.

is in them the high ringing key-note of a "sublime despair," colored with the royal purple hue of courage.

The *fond* of his mystic pictures is sombre,—even black, like the touching unchanging garb of mourning forever worn by his countrymen; but on this ground work the weird melodies flash out, not in lines of gold, but of lightning and fire, as can be seen on a black sky in a midnight storm, the sharp cutting fantastical forms, traced by the electric strokes of an infinite Power!

You have noticed in my Escudier edition of Liszt's Chopin, some pencil passages at the end of several of the chapters, taken from Madame Sand's "*Histoire de ma Vie*." As one of them is a reply to a charge made by Liszt, and the others are valuable as the observations of a keen-sighted intimate friend of Chopin, who is herself so truly an artist in the highest sense of the word, I will re-copy them here, that you may read them in connection with this translation.

On page 138 of Mrs. Cook's translation, you will see that Liszt says Madame Sand drew "Prince Karol" in her novel, "*Lucrezia Floriani*," for Chopin. Here is what Mme. Sand says in reply to this charge.

I have been accused of having drawn the character of Chopin in one of my novels with great accuracy of analysis. This mistake has been caused thus: some of his traits of character have been recognized in it, and, proceeding on a system too easy to be certain, Liszt himself in a *Life of Chopin*, a little exuberant in style, but full however of good things and very fine passages, has been egregiously mistaken, and all in good faith too.

I sketched in Prince Karol the character of a man resolute in his nature, exclusive in his feelings, exclusive in his exactions.

Chopin was not this. Nature does not design like Art, however much of a realist it may make itself. She has caprices, inconsistencies not real, probable, but very mysterious. Art rectifies these inconsistencies only because it is too limited to represent them.

Chopin was a *résumé* of those magnificent inconsistencies, which God alone can create and which have their own peculiar logic. He was modest from principle and gentle from habit, but imperious by instinct and full of a genuine pride, of which he was ignorant. Hence his sufferings, which he never examined, nor fixed on a positive object.

Moreover Prince Karol was not an artist. He was a dreamer and nothing more; having no genius, he had not the rights of a genius. He was a character more true than amiable, and so little was he the portrait of a great artist, that Chopin himself, reading the MS. each day as it lay on my desk, never had the slightest thought of misunderstanding it—he too, so suspicious!

This is all I have copied from the many pages of reply Mme. Sand has written to Liszt's delicately veiled reproaches, and this is enough.—Why seek to explain this old story of two great geniuses of opposite sex meeting but to part in sorrow? As Liszt says:

Has not the force of genius its own exclusive and legitimate exactions, and does not the force of a woman consist in the abdication of all exactions? Can the royal purple and burning flames of genius ever float upon the immaculate azure of a woman's destiny?

And around Mme. Sand these "royal purple and burning flames of genius" blazed so fiercely as to burn up the poor Pysche of Love pitilessly. Therefore let us turn from these useless pages of exculpation to the valuable passages of observations on his method of composing and her curiously accurate analysis of his artist nature.

"His creation," she says, "was spontaneous—miraculous. It came to him sometimes on the piano, sudden, complete, sublime; or it sang in his head during a walk, and he hastened to hear it by throwing the idea on the instrument. But then commenced

the most heart-breaking toil I have ever seen. It was a succession of efforts, irresolutions and impatient struggles to seize again certain details of the theme he had heard; that which he had conceived at once of a piece he analyzed too much when he wished to write it out, and his regret at not being able to find it clear and distinct threw him into a sort of despair. He would shut himself up in his room whole days weeping, walking, breaking his pens, repenting and changing a measure a hundred times; writing and effacing it again and again; recommencing the next day with a minute and despairing perseverance. He spent six weeks on one page in order to be able to write it as the first sketch had traced it."

How unlike is this painful labor to Goethe's "innocent, undisturbed somnambulatory producing"!

You, who love so well Chopin's Preludes and play them with such shy, egotistic pleasure, will love to read her account of their creation. He went with Mme. Sand and her children to spend a winter at Majorca,* where they lodged in a deserted monastery. She says:

It was there he composed the most beautiful of those short pages he called modestly *Preludes*. They are master-pieces. Several present to the mind visions of dead monks and the sound of funeral chants which haunted him; others are melancholy and soothing; these came to him in hours of sunshine and health, with gay noise of childish laughter under his window, the distant sound of the guitar, the song of the birds under the wet leaves, and the sight of the little pale roses which opened under the snow.

Others again have a mournful sadness, charming your ear but breaking your heart. There is one which came to him one rainy evening, and which throws the soul into a frightful depression. Maurice and I had left him that day very well; we had gone into Palma to buy some things we needed for our encampment. The rain coming on caused the torrents to overflow; we travelled three leagues in six hours; and returned in the very height of the inundation. We arrived at midnight without shoes, deserted by our coachman, and had passed through unheard of dangers. We had made haste, thinking of the uneasiness of our invalid. This uneasiness was vivid enough but it had fixed itself into a sort of tranquil despair, and while weeping he played this admirable *Prelude*. On seeing us enter, he rose up, uttered a loud cry, and then said to us with a wandering look and strange voice, "Ah I knew well you were dead!"

When he had recovered his wits, and he saw the state we were in, it made him sick to think of the dangers we had passed through, but he declared to me afterwards that while waiting for us he had seen the whole in a dream; and then no longer able to distinguish the dream from the reality, he grew calm and played the piano as if in sleep, and persuaded himself he was also dead. He saw himself plunged in a lake; heavy and frozen drops of water fell in measured beat on his breast, and when I made him hear the drops of water which were really falling in regular time on the roof, he denied having heard them. He even grew angry at my use of the phrase imitative harmony. He protested with all his strength, and he was right—against the puerility of these imitations for the ear. His genius was full of the mysterious harmonies of nature, and it translated them by sublime equivalents in his musical thoughts, not by a servile repetition of exterior sounds. His composition on this evening was indeed full of the rain drops which resounded on the sonorous tiles of the Chartreuse, but they were transformed in his imagination and in his song into tears falling from heaven on his heart.

And which *Prelude* was this, my friend? Mme. Sand does not tell us, but I say it was No. 15, in D flat major, with the middle movement in E sharp minor, where there are reiterated notes in the bass which used to sound to me, before I read this account by Mme. Sand, like

"The old wound ever aching."

There was an artist, whose name I never knew and whose face I never saw, living in the same palazzo in Naples at the same time I lived there, a few years ago. He was a fine piano executant, and played this *Prelude* very, very often. The terrace on which his room opened was above mine, and on several sweet May moonlights, when he seemed to be alone as well as myself, I sat at

* See page 170 Mrs. Cook's translation of Chopin.

my salon window listening to this

"Poet hidden
In the light of thought."

He would play it again and again, and the reiterated bass notes came falling down in melodic beat from his terrace above me upon my heart, as the raindrops on the tiled roof of the Spanish Chartreuse fell on Chopin's. And my heart too, like the composer's, was then filled to overflowing with many a sad prevision;

"It looked before and after,
And pined for what was not."

And after his music had ceased and midnight had spread its wide, full mantle of silence around and over the gay, noisy city, I would still sit leaning on the balustrade of my balcony and thinking of this *Prelude*, let its measured beats weld into my own sad imaginings, thinking they prefigured the tramping approach of some relentless, unknown destiny. And then would rise up the sad, clear note of the nightingale, which nestled in the orange grove of the palace garden beneath my balcony—it would come stealing on the night air, swelling louder and louder,

"Like a full moon raining out her beams,
And an overflowing heaven of melody."

M. F. H., of whose playing I have so often spoken to you, plays this *Prelude* with an expression of keen anguish, which illustrates well Mme. Sand's account.

And now one more passage from these fascinating memories of the artist, and then I will be through. Oh great Tone-poet, in all thy keen suffering, still doubly blessed, for on either side of thy heart walked one man and one woman with genius a-level with thine own; and after thy death they have each stood beside the grave of thy memory, throwing the gorgeous light of their own torches over thy fame!

The following analysis of Chopin's genius and keen cutting dissection of his high-strung nervous character you will find deeply interesting. The feelings of the woman make the outlines a little sharp, but not enough so to cause you to lose the real form. Chopin—Liszt's Chopin—while he is all the better understood, after seeing him from this standpoint, loses not one fold, nor line nor delicate tint given him by the loving hand of the brother artist. Mme. Sand continues:

The genius of Chopin was the deepest and the fullest of feeling and emotion that ever existed. He could make a single instrument speak the language of the infinite. He could put into ten lines, which a child could play, high, grand poems and dramas of unequalled strength. He never needed great material means to give the catch word to his genius. He could fill the soul with terror without saxophones and ophicleides, and with faith and enthusiasm without church organs and the human voice.

There must be a great progress in taste and a high art intelligence obtained before his works shall become universally popular. The day will come when his music shall be scored without changing anything in the piano partition, and then everybody will know that this genius, as vast, as complete, as learned as the greatest masters whom he resembled, preserved an individuality still more exquisite than that of Sebastian Bach, still more powerful than that of Beethoven, still more dramatic than that of Weber.

He is all three united, and he is still himself the while; that is to say, more delicate in taste, more austere in grandeur, more heart rending in grief.

Mozart alone is superior to him, because Mozart had more of the calmness of health, consequently more fullness of life. Chopin felt his power and his weakness. His weakness lay in the very excess of this power which he could not regulate. He could not produce like Mozart (besides Mozart alone could do it) a master-piece in one uniform tint. Chopin's music is full of shading and unexpected passages.—Sometimes, but rarely, he is bizarre, mysterious and

restless. Although he had a horror of that which cannot be understood, his excessive emotions carried him off unconsciously, into regions known to himself alone.

I was a bad judge for him perhaps (for he consulted me as Moliere did his servant,) on account of knowing him so well. I could identify myself with the very fibres of his organization. During eight years, while being initiated each day into the secret of his inspiration or his musical meditation, his piano revealed to me the impulses, the difficulties, the victories or the tortures of his thought. I understood it then as he understood it, and a judge less intimate with him would have forced him to have made himself more intelligible to every one. In his youth he had sometimes laughing, free, easy thoughts. He composed some Polish songs and unpublished ballads of charming gaiety and adorable sweetness. Some of his subsequent compositions are like crystal streams on which a clear sunlight is beaming. But how rare and short were these tranquil ecstasies of his contemplations!

The song of the sky-lark soaring in the heavens and the voluptuous floating of the swan on tranquil waters were as serene rays of beauty to him. But the plaintive and hungry cry of the eagle on the rocks of Majorca, the sharp whistling of the north wind and the mournful desolation of the ivy covered with snow saddened him for a long while; indeed the impression was keener than the gay, cheerful influence of the orange odors, the graceful beauty of the vine branches and the moresco melodies of the laborers.

It was thus with his character in all things.—Touched in an instant by the sweetness of affection and the smiles of good fortune, he was chilled for days, for whole weeks, by the awkwardness of an unconscious person or the little contradictions of real life. And it was a strange thing, too, that a real grief did not crush him as a slight one could; it seemed that he had not the strength to comprehend it first, or to suffer from it afterwards. The depth of his emotions thus was never in proportion to their causes. As to his deplorable health in moments of real danger, he accepted it heroically, but tormented himself miserably about insignificant changes. This however is the history and fate of all beings in whom the nervous system is developed to excess.

If you were here I should ask you to walk across the room with me and look again at the portrait of Georges Sand hanging on my library wall; for it is well to look at this "full-throated ease" of superb health and male force dwelling in woman's form, that could take the delicate, sensitive soul-flower of the tone-poet and so coolly dissect it petal by petal to the very throbbing heart core!

This portrait is one of the three celebrated ones of this marvellous

"Large-brained woman and large-hearted man."

Not the dashing, bold, masculine Delacroix picture, which represented the creator of *Leila*: nor the beautiful Spanish one of Charpentier, giving her in her second phase of *La Petite Fadette* and *André*; but the one sketched by her friend Calamatta, his own conception of the self-poised woman who had swept grandly over the rough, perilous breakers of youth's hot passions and anchored safely out in the deep waters of mid life; the writer of *Spiridion*, and *Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*.

In this portrait, Jules Janin says, the woman, the poet, and the enchantress are united. The head is full front, a loose rolling collar is buttoned at the throat, there are no accessories, no ornaments, nothing to interfere with the superb lines of that fine head and well marked features. Everything in the face and full throat tells of a complete, self-sufficing nature of—as she says of Mozart—"the calmness of health and consequent fullness of life."

There we have looked at Mme. Sand; now we will leave her and this sorrowful heart history of Chopin, where she has placed it, "*aux mains de la Providence et de l'avenir—jusque la mort de-*

chire les voiles pourtous." We will however be merciful and believe all things just to be.

The harp is hushed, the minstrel gone, but we have before us his undying works and his memory is embalmed in this precious amber of Liszt's friendship.

I will keep you no longer from your charming book, which I hope you will receive with this.—Enjoy its delicate, refined exterior, the rich hue of the leaf edges and the delicate tinting of the pages; the nice, clear type, the cold but sorrowful, sick face of the music poet gazing with proud level eyelids at you as you open the book; and then, taking your coziest corner, forget Senate, debate and every Washington temptation, both social, military and political, to read this through at once from beginning to end: from the beautiful dedication of the Translator to her gifted son-in-law, the artist Pychowski, on and on to the very last words of this "growing pyramid of homage."

A. M. H. B.

Bridgeton, N. J., April 4, 1863.

English Singers. No. II.

MR. INCLEDON.

Charles Incledon was brought up in the choir of Exeter Cathedral, under the celebrated English composer, Wm. Jackson: for some indiscretions, it seems that Incledon was expelled the choir before his voice broke; he subsequently went to sea, and while there this magnificent organ displayed itself, to the astonishment of every man who heard it. A powerful, sweet, and flexible tenor, of compass up to B flat (with the use of a brilliant falsetto still higher,) and down to G; rich and slightly metallic in its tone, it was beautifully adapted to the class of songs by Dibdin, Shield, Davy, and other writers of their school, which Incledon made his own. Supplied by nature with strong feelings, which had never been either warped by a mis-directed education, or refined and chastened by intercourse with the best society, Incledon stood alone as the singer for the people.—"The Lads of the Village," "Poor Tom Bowling," "The Thorn," were in their several styles rendered impressive and just favorites. His performance of Macheath has been mentioned as reaching a perfection, both in acting and singing, that was owing to the fortunate circumstance of his appearance and habits of life corresponding so nearly with that of the character he represented. But perhaps the greatest thing he ever did was his singing the Storm ("Cease rude Boreas,") on the stage with merely a back scene, representing a vessel in distress, no accompaniment whatever. It is impossible to describe the effect of this man's singing, at the words, "She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore." You had the vessel before you, the howling of the dreadful tempest, the sails flapping, the boatswain bawling, while every instant she is expected to go down, when the intense agony of joy excited by the pause and start, with the full power and passion of that wonderful voice was let loose upon the ear, producing an effect that can never be forgotten by many yet living who remember him. With all the pains that his friend Shield so constantly took to modify the singing of this child of nature, he never did succeed in rendering him a decent musician; nature in him was all, art nothing. He had no notion of moderation in anything; liberal and inconsiderate, of habits usually termed gay or convivial, and not remarkable for anything approaching to refinement in his language, it will readily be conceived how unlikely such a man was to sober down into the calm, sedate, or enthusiastic musician, who must know something of all styles; and as the Chinese philosopher, *Chang*, describes two of the necessary qualifications of a student—1st. "To conquer his passions, and render himself their master. 2d. To have a sweet, tractable, and complying temper." In neither of which acts of forbearance could the subject of this memoir be said to excel.

Incledon was the idol of the public for nearly twenty-five years. He visited almost every part of England, as "The Wandering Melodist," and realized a very large sum by these summer excursions. Latterly Sinclair was his companion, and contributed materially to enhance the profits of these trips. Of a generous and unenvious disposition, there was no English professor among his contemporaries of whom Incledon was ever heard to speak slightly, but

Braham. The latter was at the zenith of his fame, a just and prodigious favorite, with a voice equal to his own in power and sweetness, artistically refined and instructed by a first-rate Italian master (Rauzzini) and exciting public attention in the double capacity of singer and composer; we cannot wonder that Incledon's equanimity was occasionally disturbed at the success of the "*little Jew*," as he always called Braham. On one occasion a trial of strength took place between these two great English vocalists. When "The English Fleet" was brought out, the duet "All's well!" was the grand attraction, and at the rehearsal the effect of Braham's singing was such as completely to terrify Incledon's friends, who began to tremble for his reputation when the performance should take place; however, Charles Incledon roused himself, did study the points to be made in this duet; and a friend who was present tells us there was no comparison between the singing of the two, and especially at the cadence terminating the second verse, when Incledon, who took the second part, made a splendid division, ending with the low bass G (first line,) which completely settled the question of superiority in Charles's favor. It was of course vehemently encored, and they continued to sing it for many nights. And here we can but remark, that such is the march of vocal music, or the accomplishments, that the generality of singers are now expected to possess, that this very duet, esteemed such a trial of these two artists' powers, at this present writing* could hardly find two tenor singers who would condescend to sing it. What the next generation of singers will have to cope with, it baffles our mental perceptions to conceive. Already the works of Mozart, Spohr, Beethoven, Bellini, Rossini, *cum multis aliis*, of the foreign school, besides the whole immense range of the English style, including Handel, Purcell, Barnett, Balfe, Benedict, and many other talented living writers, it is expected shall be as familiar in their mouths as household words; while the systems of instruction, amid this confusion of style, have become much deteriorated, and assume a form technically known by the appellation of *parrotting*: that is, instead of the singer studying the words of his song, and rendering himself up to the sentiment of his author by long familiarity with his works, (as the manner was with Incledon and others of his day,) the plan is now to get up a song in *ten minutes*, with the garnish of a few misbegotten cadences; inappropriate as a passage from *La Sonnambula* would be in Spohr's *Last Judgment*, without a thought of looking into the intention, the mind of the composer previous to venturing on (literally) the execution of his works. Compass of voice must be shown, says the teacher to his female pupils. Very well; then you must go up to show how well you can touch B flat, and you must go down because, "heaven save the mark," it astonishes people so to hear a "lady sing like a man; and especially as Mrs. S. does it so beautifully, and so did Malibran; therefore cultivate your contr' alto by all means," in other words make yourself ridiculous by attempting what nature, excepting in a very few instances, denies the physical power of accomplishing. We must be excused this slight digression, arising entirely from reflection upon the great change in the cultivation of the vocal art since the days of Incledon, when the purely English style was sung by thoroughly English singers, and listened to, and admired by a truly English audience; when foreign artists were sought for in their legitimate sphere, the Italian opera; when, in short, fashion had not usurped the dominion of feeling to the desecration of the really vocal style, and the annoyance of hundreds who even now, if they dared speak, would prefer a good simple ballad, well sung, to all the roudades, caperings, and false ecstasies of the ultra modern Italian school.

As all the pseudo-critics look so very sharply after the faulty pronunciation of singers, it is necessary, in this instance, to deprive them of their lawful prey, by at once declaring that even the great Incledon was not free from defect in this particular. In the celebrated ballad "Black-eyed Susan," he pronounced the words of the line "when black-eyed Susan came on board;" so also in the line beginning "and quick as lightning," &c., he rendered, "And quiek as lightning on the deck he stanads." But it must be remembered he pretended to no refinement; he sang as feeling, not as grammar prompted him, and, however erroneous such instances were, and annoying doubtless to persons who lived only upon finding out the faults of others; still it is an undecided point, whether they did not make, as it were, part and parcel of his bold, rough, sailor-like style, and had these angles of pronunciation been rounded and pared off, the songs might have been more worthy a modern concert scheme, but for the mass of the people (then unenlightened by the "diffusion of useful know-

ledge," to whom Incedon addressed himself, they would by such refinement have lost nearly half their charm. It has been declared, and with some justice, that if Incedon were alive again, his singing would not please as it did in his time; true, and for this reason: we are all so dreadfully refined, so enormously over educated, so fastidious upon points of minor consequence, that we are more anxious about correcting faults than zealously striving to create beauties, more solicitous not to lose cast by admiring what is excellent, merely for its intrinsic merit, rather than eager to hail every symptom of real talent, even should it arise in our own country, from which we are impudently told nothing musical is expected.—We could go on lecturing in this way for hours, but must not exceed due bounds in our brief sketch; a very inadequate but sincere tribute to the memory of the most genuine English singer we ever had.

Incedon was thrice married to very amiable women, the last survived him; and, together with two sons, we believe, are still living (1838). The eldest son inherits much of the sweetness of voice so characteristic of his father's peculiar organ, the only other reminiscence of which we have left in the celebrated imitation song of Charles Taylor, wherein he gives a version of "The Storm," in Incedon's style, so nearly approaching in tone and manner to the original, that it is almost painful to hear it.

Signor Petrella's "Last Days of Pompeii."

(Performed at the New York Academy of Music, April 7.)

(From the Tribune.)

The death, burial, and resurrection of Pompeii is the most startling event in human history. It is out of the range of epic grandeur and terrors; war, pestilence, and famine are all cheap common-places in comparison with the arch-horror of the fate of the ancient city, overwhelmed in the hellish vomit of Vesuvius, and its grace, pride and glory extinguished in a moment; and then exhumed after an interment of two thousand years.

The lively talent of Mr. Bulwer has taken Pompeii for the scene of a novel. If he has failed to vitalize his characters, he has made a story of a certain merit, owing to the romance of the time and place. On this tale Signor Errigo Petrella of Naples has constructed a four-act Grand Opera. The composer is a new name, but not a young man. Some sixty winters have passed over his head; why he has not been before the public sooner, does not appear.

All his musico-academic work is artistic and intellectual. He evinces a complete training in lyrical rhetoric, and in the uses of the voices and instruments. The plot he has selected to treat tends all towards tragedy—both in the classic nature of the characters and their serious looks and statements; and yet there is no tragedy—for the death of Nidia is rather a sad incident than an element of the work. It might have been put off and no harm done to the business generally. We have accordingly, much tragic music, but leading to a happy conclusion;—that is, the lovers are finally set right and, as the children say, live in peace and die in Greece. We therefore experience a certain disappointment at the denouement. It would be highly gratifying to have all the people on the stage killed.

In regard to the music, there are two main things necessary for the opera: first ideas, which are clear cut and memorable, and next the setting of the melodic diamonds. We never venture an opinion on the premise of enduring popularity as to melodies; that can only be determined by the public and by time. But as regards the function of the artist, we are prepared to state that this composer has distinguished himself by his constant and conscientious efforts to give rich colorings to his orchestral work and to the form of his pieces. We have, accordingly, the modern resources of the orchestra in great sonority and dramatic emphasis, and a regard for the business of the scene in connection with the music.

The plot of the piece can be readily understood from the following Argument, contained in the published libretto:

The plot and principal characters of this Lyric Drama have been borrowed by Peruzzini from Bulwer's well-known novel "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Arbaces, the Egyptian Mage and High Priest of Isis, aiming at Ione's love, plots to divert her from Glauco, a young and noble Athenian with whom she is in love and who entertains for her a vivid passion. Glauco, inspired by the virtuous charms of Ione, throws aside the unworthy pleasures and dissipations of which he formerly had been so fond.

The High Priest, through one of his devoted followers, the tavern-keeper Burbo, obtains a philter from a witch, and induces Nidia, a slave bought by Glauco and secretly in love with him, to administer to Ione's lover the fatal beverage. Glauco, on taking it, becomes delirious; and on meeting Ione addresses her brutally. Arbaces triumphantly makes his coveted Ione feel the unworthiness of her choice, and advises her to go to his Palace, and consult there the Oracle of the Goddess Isis about her fate and the grief of her heart.

Ione yields to Arbaces's treacherous suggestion; visits his palace, and there the High Priest unveils to her his passion, making a villainous attempt to obtain her love. She seeks refuge by the statue of the Goddess. Arbaces is about to carry on his iniquitous desires, when suddenly Glauco, who has been notified by the repentant Nidia, of the danger of his beloved, rushes into the temple, and claims Ione from the High Priest. The audacious Egyptian calls forth his priests, and accuses Glauco before them of having forcibly attempted to seize Ione. He threatens her with death, rather than consent to her becoming Glauco's. The indignant lover, seeing Ione's life in peril, precipitates himself, with the dagger in his hand, upon the traitor Arbaces. The priests shudder at the sacrilegious outburst of the jealous lover, and condemn him to be thrown to the wild beasts.

Glauco is taken to the Amphitheatre; but Nidia, who becomes frightened at the dreadful fate of her beloved Glauco, dares reveal the crimes of Arbaces, and his infamous conspiracy against Ione, to the Roman Prætors. The people of Pompeii, apprized of the fact, obtain Glauco's pardon and claim the punishment and death of the sacrilegious Mage.

At that moment, the earth, as if refusing further to support the iniquities of the sinful Temple, thunders, quakes, and opens itself under the doomed City of Pompeii. The terrified inhabitants rush to the sea for refuge.

Glauco, already freed from his chains, leaves the Circus, meets his faithful Ione, who swears to share his fate. They both fly from the city, endeavoring to find safety in some vessel which may take them to their native Greece. Nidia refuses to follow them, and being asked the cause of her refusal confesses her love for Glauco and throws herself into the depths of the ocean.

Meanwhile Vesuvius pours forth torrents of burning lava. The entire City of Pompeii crumbles, and in the midst of that awful scene of ruin and desolation, the two lovers embarking for happier lands, the curtain falls.

The heroine, Ione, was performed by Madame Medori. She displayed all her customary energy, and moreover, more vocal flexibility than in her previous efforts. The slave Nidia was intrusted to Mlle. Sulzer, who gave much pleasure by her delineation. The high priest was acted and sung by Signor Bellini in a commanding style. The tavern-keeper, Burbo, answering to the "gentlemanlike proprietor" of modern times, brought out the wonderful vocal training of Signor Biachi. Of Signor Mazzolini, it may be truly affirmed that he never more distinguished himself than he did in his mode of rendering the part of Glauco. We may particularly instance the scene where he is supposed to be under the influence of the witch's decoction.

The music which made the most impression on the house, was the large, well emphasized finale to the third act. The duet between the high priest and the soprano, received the next best applause. The Academy audiences are not distinguished for fervor, but on Monday night, marked cordiality was bestowed at certain points of the work, and the singers were loudly called before the curtain.

THE "LAMENTATIONS"—Our friend and travelling companion "Klauser" who contributes such agreeable "Reminiscences of Life in the Old World" to the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, says:

Of all the music to be heard during Holy Week at Rome, the most remarkable is, I think, that of the "Lamentations" which precede the *Miserere*. For its peculiarity, its utter unlikeness to every thing else in the whole realm of music, its simplicity, and yet

its irresistible power, I regard it as one of the greatest achievements of the church musician. It combines all the touching sadness, the supernatural character of the *Miserere* in a single unaccompanied voice. It is a wail rather than a chant or song, and yet such a wail as might come from the heart of a fallen angel. Nothing filled me with a deeper sadness, yea, I may name it awe, than this "Lamentation" as I heard it in the Sistine. It seemed like no human voice, but rather to come from some ancient prophet or sybil, such as is there pictured in the ceiling by Michael Angelo, and who in the world of spirits looked down and lamented the fallen, lost Jerusalem. Yea, it lamented the utter desolation, the end of that church whose crowned head and purple robed priest sat and listened as the lights were one by one extinguished. Rome itself is the fallen city; the church of Rome sings in the words of the Prophet its own sad dirge!

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—Adelina Patti was still the chief attraction of the opera. *Norina* and *Rosina* and been added to her other triumphs. "We will not say," writes one critic, "that the success of the enchantress keeps on increasing, for that were impossible; but the enthusiasm of the public maintains itself at the same level." The emperor and empress, archdukes and archduchesses "graciously assist" at her representations, and the imperial box often gives the signal for the most sympathetic plaudits. Patti's portrait, painted by Winterhalter, is exhibited in one of the foyers of the theatre; people pay a franc to see it, and the proceeds are given to the poor. Here is management, as well as art; in the Covent Garden Nursery Rhymes there is a strain after this fashion:

There was an old manager Gye,
Who thought himself wondrous sly,
Till he met with Strakosch,
When he cried out, "By gosh!
"Here's more than a match for old Gye."

Ginglini, the tenor, who has been singing with Patti, has returned to London.

Zellner's third historical concert was one of the most interesting and most varied. The vocal specimens presented were: two *chansons* by Thibaut, king of Navarre (13th century), sung by Herr Walter, with harp accompaniment; a Duo, *Les Roses*, by Rousseau; pieces for four voices, by Pierre Meier, D. Becker, and M. Siebenhaar (all three of the 17th century), and also by Robert Schumann, sung by Mlles. Kraus and Prager, and Herren Walter and Meyerhofer. The instrumental pieces were: a Sonata by P. E. Bach; several compositions arranged or the harmonium and executed by Zellner; and finally some dance airs from *Ferranor*, an opera by Rubinstein.—During holy week a concert was given at the Carl theatre for the purpose of decorating the tomb of Beethoven; the Heroic Symphony was performed, illustrated by *tableaux vivants*.—On the 24th of March there was a brilliant performance of the *Huguenots* at the Court theatre. Ander, as Raoul, electrified the house; and Draxler has one of his best parts in Marcel; Mmes. Liebhart and Kraus took the parts of Valentine and Isabella.

STUTTGART.—Mr. Benedict's opera, *La Rose d'Erin*, or "The Lily of Killarney," composed for London, has been brought out with marked success in this his native town. The critics pronounce it an important work, likely to make the tour of Germany; and one of them says:

Benedict possesses the power, which not very many composers of the present day possess, of captivating the ear by admirable harmonies and happy melodies, while his mastery of the art of instrumentation does not surprise us in a pupil of Carl Maria von Weber. Thus *Die Rose von Erin* is rich in melodies which strike home at the very first hearing, and, moreover,—which especially pleased us—the music is free from all straining to produce new effects, at any price, by means of original and bizarre combinations. The capability of writing such music is a gift of God, which, it must be confessed, is denied to many of

those who perorate every evening, the whole year through, about musical art: who have, perhaps, fundamentally studied counterpoint, but are not able to write one *single* song. These persons will no more derive gratification from Benedict's music than they can pardon our good Mozart, or Papa Haydn, for having written with such perfect simplicity, intelligibility, and clearness as they have written.

Mme. ABEL, whose artistic piano performances are well remembered by true music lovers in New York and Boston, has been residing during the past year in Stuttgart, which is her husband's native city. One of the leading German critics speaks thus in the *Straats-Anzeiger* of her concerts:

"In our Art-loving city there is no lack of traveling artists and piano virtuosos; and in our concert annals we can show the names of the greatest and most famous, from Thalberg, Liszt, Doehler, Dreychock, Rubinstein, Litolf, Bülow, &c., to Clara Schumann, Wilhelmina Clauss, Mme. Pleyel, Arabella Goddard, besides the brilliant Countess Karlezgy and Rosa Kastner.

"Mme. Abel therefore need not wonder if her arrival here excited little sensation, especially since she had despised the usual means of making herself known beforehand. These she had the more reason not to neglect, because she came here from America, a land which has with us the reputation of being the place of refuge for all sorts of mediocrity in Art.—Nevertheless our public awaited the result of her first concert with some eagerness, since the report had spread in certain circles that Mme. Abel was no other than the little piano virtuoso once so famous under the name of Louise Scheibel, of whom the Paris journals said so much, calling her the Milanollo of the piano. In her eighth year she had made artistic tours through Germany and France. So curiosity on the one hand, and artistic interest on the other, filled the hall full to overflowing. The programme was remarkably choice. Our first opera singers, Herr Pischek, Sontheim, Mme. Marlow, as well as the world-famous violinist, Sivori, lent their assistance. No wonder, therefore, if at the first appearance of the fair artist a peculiar feeling took possession of the public, as if on the eve of the utterance of an oracle upon an important occasion. But how quickly the decision followed, how soon curiosity gave way to highest admiration, when Mme. Abel began to play the Andante of the great Polonaise, op. 22, by Chopin, and then executed the difficult Polonaise itself with such masterly perfection as we had never heard in the rendering of that piece before! The impression, which her brilliant, soulful and deeply poetic playing made on us, can only be compared with that which Clara Schumann left behind her here two years ago, although the two artists have never met each other in their lives.

"What a melting tenderness, what a spiritual aroma Mme. Abel knows how to spread over the compositions of Chopin! This is not mere playing, it is a reproducing of the very spirit of the composer. A spiritual affinity streams forth from every tone she strikes; in the deeply penetrating Scherzo in B flat minor it is as if she struck the chords of her own heart. No, never have we heard the works of Chopin so rendered, and we may with justice maintain, that Mme. A. is one of the few, if not the only living female artist, who has truly preserved the traditions of this genial master. But not only did she play the works of Chopin with such perfection; Sebastian Bach, too, and Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, Field, Mendelssohn, and, among the composers of the day, A. Reichel, C. Stamaty and Gottschalk took their turn in the two following soirées and matinées. The 'Kreutzer Sonata' of Beethoven became quite a new creation under the hands of Mme. A. and Sig. Sivori; only Clara Schumann and Joachim together could afford us a similar enjoyment. In these times of piano-playing run mad, the appearance of an artist of such all-sided culture as Mme. Abel is a lesson, which outweighs a whole course of studies; for only through such an example is a living model held up to be emulated.

"We hope that Mme. Abel will make her permanent home among us, and that in no case she will return to America, where such pearls as she scatters would only fall upon unclean and unfruitful soil."

Complimentary this! Nevertheless we understand that Mme. Abel *does* intend to return and settle in America, and that it is not improbable that we shall have her here in Boston. *She*, it seems, has a much better opinion of this country than her enthusiastic German critic.

DUSSELDORF.—The programme of the Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, this year, which is to

be held at Dusseldorf, and at which Herr Otto Goldschmidt will conduct, and his wife Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt, take the soprano part, is already fixed as follows:—First day—Overture in C major, by Beethoven; *Elijah* (oratorio) by Mendelssohn (with organ); Second day—Orchestral Movements (D major), by J. S. Bach; Psalm by Marcello; "St. Cecilia's Ode," by Handel (with organ); Symphony, by Schubert; third part of the *Creation*, by Haydn; Third day—"Künstlerconcert," including scenes from Schumann's *Faust*, and a selection from *Die Zerstörung Jerusalems*, by Ferdinand Hiller.

Paris.

From the correspondent of the *London Musical World*, April 9, we take the following:

The contest for the direction of the Italian Theatre proved a regular Derby race, or more properly a handicap, in which the lightest weighted horse won easily—M. Bagier carrying less than all his competitors by the amount of the "subvention." With M. Bagier were entered MM. Besselièvre, Lumley, Del Peral, Gye, Penco, Giuliani, Mico and Calzado. The winner, I understand, was closely pressed by Mr. Lumley, notwithstanding the difference in the weight, and all the rest were distanced. The consequence of the administration is that all engagements are at an end, and M. Bagier is free to make an entirely new company. There is a glorious opportunity for reformation if the new director have only shrewdness and resolution. Many fear that the want of a subvention will prove fatal to the interests of the theatre. So no doubt it would with the majority of managers; but M. Bagier is opulent, and can afford to run risks. A sacred concert (*concert spirituel*) was given in the Théâtre Italien on Tuesday, the 31st ult., at which were performed Rossini's "Stabat Mater," with Mesdames Frezzolini and Penco, Mlle. Trebelli, Signors Tamberlick, Gardoni, Capponi, Bartolini and Monari; a "Trio Funèbre," by Mercadante, in memory of Malibran (Madame Frezzolini, Signors Gardoni and Delle-Sedie); an ecclesiastical air of the sixteenth century, composed by Stradella (Signor Delle-Sedie); and the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's *I Lombardi* (Madame Frezzolini).

They are busy at the Opéra with the rehearsals of the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, Signor Verdi superintending. The cast will comprise Mdlle. Sax, MM. Villaret, Bonnehée and Obin.

The long-promised *Peines d'Amour Perdus* was brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique on Tuesday, the 31st ultimo, only to baulk expectation. I have already informed you, and you have gathered from other sources, that the libretto of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* was deemed by M. Carvalho unworthy the classic boards of the Théâtre-Lyrique; whereupon the manager engaged MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré to adapt a new book to the music, and they selected Shakespeare's *Love's Labour Lost*. It was a pretty notion to marry Shakespeare with Mozart, but unfortunately its successful achievement required a little knowledge both of English and music. Never did two literary moles work deeper in the dark than Messieurs Barbier and Carré. Not a vestige of the poetry and romance of the original drama remains. The book Da Ponte compiled for Mozart—one of the silliest ever written for music—is a marvel of grace and gaiety compared to the concoction of the two popular French scribes (not "Scribes"). Need I say that the concoction was a failure? The execution, however, was good—at least for the most part—the principal support being given to it by Mesdames Cabel, Faure and Girard. M. Léon Duprez, who made his *début* as the Prince of Navarre, proved his father's son in everything but voice.

London.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season opened on Tuesday with *Masaniello*. The cast differed from that of last year in two particulars—Signor Naudin, who made his first appearance at this theatre, representing the hero in place of Signor Mario, and M. Faure, Pietro, in place of Signor Graziani. The *Masaniello* of Signor Naudin is worth reconsidering. M. Faure's Pietro was excellent. The execution was as good as ever, and the audience was unusually liberal in their applause. The overture, played brilliantly and fastly, and the "Liberty" duet between *Masaniello* and Pietro in act the second, were encored. In the *divertissement* two new artists, Mdlles. Montero and Duriez, appeared with success. *Masaniello* was repeated on Thursday, and will be performed for the third time on Monday. We shall speak at length of the performance in our next. To-

night Mdlle. Fioretti makes her *début* as Elvira in *I Puritani*. The lady has won considerable reputation as a singer of the Persian school, at Vienna and St. Petersburg. Signor Ronconi will make his first appearance (first time these two years) as Giorgio, and M. Faure assume the part of Riccardo (first time). Signor Caffieri, the new tenor, of whom we have heard good reports from various quarters, is announced to make his *début* on Monday week, as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—"The best performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* ever given in England" took place March 20th. The "principals" were Mme. Rudersdorff (soprano), Mme. Sainton-Dolby (contralto), Messrs. George Perren (tenor), and Weiss (bass). The *Messiah* followed during Passion week.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second concert of the season presented two Symphonies: Haydn's in E flat, No. 10, and Beethoven's in C minor; the overture to *Preciosa*; a violin Concerto by Spohr; Mendelssohn's Wedding March; and for vocal selections, *Deh vieni*, by Mozart, two *Lieder* by Beethoven, and a scene from *Le Domino Noir*, all of which were sung by Miss Louisa Pyne.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. The programme of the second concert embraced a Symphony in G (not of the Saloman "Twelve") by Haydn, and Mendelssohn's very early Symphony, written almost in his boyhood, in C minor. This our friend of the *Musical World* is ecstatic about, while he finds Schumann's *Manfred* overture, which figured in the same concert, "sombre, monotonous, tormenting, unsatisfying," &c., &c. Friend, you do well to own that you "cannot fathom him," and we "regret to be compelled to add that he (you) regret it not." Weber's overture to *Abou Hassan* closed the concert. Piatti played a violoncello Concerto of his own. The most interesting vocal piece was a scena, *Andromeda*, by Mozart (composed in 1777 at Salzburg), sung "with splendid energy" by Mme. Rudersdorff. Mr. Weiss sang the bass aria from Mozart's *Seraglio*.

MME. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT announces a series of concerts at St. James Hall, beginning on the 1st of May with Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, conductor.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 2, 1863.

The Great Organ and its Builder.

The Boston Music Hall is now, and will be through the summer months, the spacious, sunny and secluded workshop of Mr. Fritz Walcker, and his two assistants, who have come over from Wurtemberg, and are engaged in putting up the Organ, which has already occupied seven years since the first inception of the plan. Packed in a multitude of most substantial boxes, some of them from thirty to forty feet in length (containing each a giant pipe), the *disjecta membra* of the mighty instrument lie there piled up over a large portion of the floor. At the back of the stage the foundations are nearly completed, strong enough to sustain the weight of the organ, amounting to sixty or seventy tons. Any full description is necessarily reserved until the instrument is up and ready for use. We may give some idea, however, of its size, by stating that it will be 47 feet wide, 18 feet deep, and 70 feet high (striking its roots down far below the stage and reaching up above the cornice). The two great central towers of the structure (a superb architectural design by Billings), will stand

forward fifteen feet upon the stage, the wings receding. These two towers will be composed of several great 32 feet pipes of tin, making a very imposing appearance; and lesser pipes, through all their graduated series, will in like manner be displayed. The wood work of the case is of black walnut, richly carved, and bristling with artistic figures, flowers, angels, musical instruments, &c. The organ has 4 manuals, besides an extensive range of pedals; it contains 86 sounding stops or registers, all running through, making an aggregate of 6500 pipes, some thirty of which are of the largest species, or 32 feet pipes, of pure tin. The workmanship is known to be of the most thorough and beautiful description. The organ, before it left the maker's factory, was set up and submitted to a thorough trial by a commission of distinguished organists from England, Germany and France, whose very satisfactory report will doubtless in due time appear; the Directors of the Hall are not anxious to have the report appear before the flash. The cost of the organ proper is about \$20,000; the case will cost some \$12,000 and; transportation, insurance, cost of erection, &c., will swell the sum to a considerably higher figure.

A friend has kindly translated for us, from Schilling's *Universal-Lexicon der Tonkunst*, a brief notice of the builder of our Organ, which, although by no means complete, will interest our readers. It must be borne in mind that the article was written in 1838, and therefore does not include the period of Walcker's greatest works—the organ at Ulm, for instance, which has 100 speaking stops.

One of the most distinguished and skilful organ builders of the present time, is E. FRIEDRICH WALCKER. He was born in Carnstadt, near Stuttgart, and learned his art from his father, Eberhard Friedrich Walcker, who was himself a reputable organ builder. Aided by the manifold experiences of his father, he sought always to enlarge his learning and knowledge through his own studies, attempts, and personal intimacy or correspondence with the most celebrated artists and builders; and in the year 1820 he established himself as organ builder in Ludwigsburg in Wurtemberg. He began, it is true, at first, in a very modest way; simply for the want of pecuniary means. Meanwhile he found opportunity to repair and build several organs, which proved to be very successful works. Especially, the new organ in the Garrison church in Stuttgart, of 20 stops, 2 keyboards and pedals of 30 keys compass. This soon recommended him to the world, and he had the good fortune to be chosen as the builder of the great organ in the Paul's Church, at Frankfort am Main, which, by his proposition, was made to consist of 76 sounding stops, 3 keyboards, and 2 pedal organs of 27 keys. The success of this work decided that of his whole life, and gave him, almost at once, a European name. So that since then, not less than 28 new organs, without reckoning many extensive repairs of old organs, have been given to him to build. All these organs, without exception, have been found entirely satisfactory by the best judges.

Some of the instruments built by Walcker are: in Tübingen, a 16 foot toned organ, with 35 stops, and 3 keyboards; a similar one in Reutlingen, and with the exception of the case, a new and powerful instrument; the organ in the Michael's Church at Halle, having 38 sounding stops, 3 keyboards and pedal, also a 16 foot diapason in the great organ; the organ in the Hof Church at Stuttgart, of 24 stops; and he is now (1838) building two great instruments, one for the St. Peter's Church in St. Petersburg, having

65 stops, and the other for the St. Olai Church in Revel, on the North Sea, having 68 stops, with a 32 foot diapason—in the front of the case,—3 keyboards and two sets of pedals.

With such a wide and well-earned reputation, it is natural that his manufactory should have become more and more extensive. It is excellently well arranged, with every improvement, so that the largest organs can be conveniently built, set up, and tried in his workshop.

We are indebted to Walcker for many improvements in the art of organ building. He has, namely, simplified the action of the instrument, even in such a manner and so thoroughly, that, wherever friction cannot be avoided, as for instance in the rollers, he has made the steel pins work in a buckskin covering. His wind chests are not stopped up in the usual manner, but are closed as well at the bottom as at the top by indented sounding boards; the valves open sideways; and the wires move in perfect fitting brass plates—an arrangement which makes the action easy and pleasant to the player, even in the largest organs. And besides many improvements in the various kinds of pipe he has—particularly in his great organs—invented and constructed improved single stops, such as for example: the traverse flute, clarinet, hautboy, a quite soft-toned harmonica of wood, and a 32 foot bass, whose tone is clear, strong and effective to the lowest C. The intonation of all the completed organs of Walcker, is the most excellent that the writer has ever known.

Paradise and the Peri.

Mr. J. C. D. PARKER and his Club of amateurs gave their friends a rare musical treat last Saturday evening, at Chickering's, by a performance of the Cantata in which Robert Schumann has illustrated Moore's beautiful poem with some of the finest inspirations of his musical genius. The music is as finely imaginative as the poem, and in perfect keeping with it.

There could not be a better subject for a large vocal and orchestral composition, than such a poem, nor one better suited to the best vein of such a genius as Schumann's. He has sometimes failed, is sometimes forced, obscure and sickly; but here he has been throughout happy, throughout original, blessed with interesting and most apposite ideas; melody and harmony and instrumental coloring have all worked together, mutually enriched and fused together in the warm atmosphere of his imagination, rendered Oriental by his meditation of the poem. We do not say that all parts of the composition are equally inspiring, but all are good, too good to make it possible to turn away until you have heard the whole. To show how perfectly he has treated his subject, we should have to take up the poem and the music piece by piece, which is impossible here, but we may yet attempt it at some length. To no new work which we have heard here for some years, in any form, is such an exposition of its beauties so well due.

It was our good fortune once, in Berlin, to hear "Paradise and the Peri," with the orchestral accompaniments, a large chorus, and the best solo singers; and it was a memorable experience. Not the less, but all the more have we enjoyed this nearer reminder of it, although on a small scale and with only a piano accompaniment. But the piano arrangement, made we presume by Schumann himself, is excellent, and all the rare, rich harmonies, the delicate, fine figures, the descriptive bits, or rather suggestions of crystal heavenly heights, angelic harmonies, sky, waters, winds, wings, "sandal groves and bowers of spice," the battle field, the heavy, drowsy atmosphere of plague, &c., &c., were clearly and nicely hinted in Mr. Parker's tasteful playing. Mrs. HARWOOD sang the opening verse: "One morn a Peri at the gate of Eden stood," with her highly cul-

tivated soprano, most expressively, and also a more important solo near the close. All the other narrative portions are given to the tenor voice; they are finely conceived recitatives for the most part, and Mr. LANGMAID had studied their expression well. The part of the Peri was not badly suited to the clear and soaring soprano of Miss HUNTLEY, who was at home in her music, sounding out the high C in the ecstatic final song and chorus unmistakably. And what exquisite songs the Peri has to sing! That first one especially, in which she thinks of the happiness of the spirits in Paradise; and that strangely beautiful one: "I know the wealth of every urn," &c. There are fine alto and bass solos, too, which received good treatment.

The choruses and quartets are remarkable, each entirely individual and original. First the quartet, admiring the beauty of the "sweet Indian land", where the Peri makes her first search for the gift that shall open the gate of Eden to her; then the series of choruses describing the ravages of war, the vain resistance to the tyrant, the death of the young hero, the lament, and the grand finale of this first part, in which the Peri and chorus sing of the holiness of blood shed for liberty. This is the grandest chorus in the whole work, and this whole passage is in the highest degree dramatic. Then how marvellously beautiful, both voices and accompaniment, the chorus of Genii of the Nile, near the beginning, and the song of the Peri and chorus, "Sleep on," at the end of the second part! Happiest of all perhaps, and most original, the chorus of Hours opening the third part; then the religious chorale, which hails the tear of the penitent sinner; and then the uncontainable rapture of the Peri song and chorus at the end!—These were generally sung in fine style by the assemblage of refined, fresh, young voices, and made a most agreeable impression.

Nor ought we to omit to mention the singular ingenuity, or rather genius, which Schumann has shown in all the little connecting phrases and modulations leading from one piece into another.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT ST. PAUL'S.—Under the direction of Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN an interesting series of specimens of church music, partly historical, were performed on Thursday evening, April 16th, and again (with a slight change of programme) on the following Thursday, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. The selections were mainly the same as those given in the same place last year by Dr. Tuckerman. First a portion of that old choral service by Tallis, with its monotonous intoning, varied only by response between choir and priest, until a blessed relief comes in the shape of the commonest chord cadence:—not without its impressiveness however. This ended with the *Venite*, to the 8th Gregorian Tune.

In Part II. we had, as last year, an Ambrosian chant in unison, a Plain Chant (unison) by Guido Aretinus; his Diaphonia, setting the teeth on edge by consecutive fifths and fourths; and a more palatable bit of two-part harmony by Franco (11th century).

Part III. opened with the famous *Miserere* by Allegri, which sounded better than last year and which certainly has a strange beauty, even thus severed from its traditional surroundings. The first choir was composed of Mrs. FOWLE, Miss GILSON, Mrs. SHATTUCK, Mr. SANGIER and Mr. RYDER; the second choir of Mrs. FISK, Mrs. CARY, Miss CARY, and Mr. POWERS:—a very rich and powerful ensemble. Mrs. Fowle sang Cherubini's *Ave Maria*. Then came an Anthem by Mendelssohn, consisting of a choral: "In deep distress I cry to Thee", a fine aria by Miss HOUSTON, and a quartet. Then a *Lamentation* and *Sanctus* by Palestrina, large and grand. Then, in extreme contrast with the last, the *Benedictus* from Weber's Mass in G, warm, romantic,

sentimental, *Freyschütz*-like. Then a beautiful quartet for female voices by Dr. Tuckerman, which was much enjoyed. Then *Gratias agimus* from Haydn's 16th Mass; Bass Solo from *Elijah*: "Draw near, all my people", grandly sung by Mr. Powers; and the sublime Choral by Bach, in four and five parts, from the 5th Motet.

Part IV. contained the air: "Jerusalem" from *St. Paul*, effectively sung by Miss Houston; the Angel Trio: "Lift thine eyes"; a strangely interesting Trio for male voices from Cherubini's *Requiem*; Terzetto (soprano and alto): "Not unto us", by Mendelssohn; "O rest in the Lord", from *Elijah*, beautifully rendered by Miss Cary; *Quando Corpus*, which is the best thing in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; *Eia Mater*, from the same; and finally Luther's Chorale: *Ein feste Burg*, as harmonized by Bach:—truly a glorious and solemn close.

We congratulate Dr. Tuckerman and his singers on their great success, and wish such exhibitions could be more frequent.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The 16th Afternoon Concert took place in the Tremont Temple. The programme was rich enough in classical good things for an evening (Philharmonic) concert.

1. Overture to "Faust.".....Lindpaintner
2. Concert Waltz—"Termen.".....Strauss
(First time in Boston).
3. Symphony—No. 4. (Italian).....Mendelssohn
4. Turkish March—from "The Ruins of Athens.".....Beethoven
5. Aelpler's Fuchlings Jubel.....Gungl
(First time in this country).
6. Overture to "Semiramide.".....Rossini

Here was a Symphony such as the most exacting taste finds evermore refreshing; and here were two fine overtures; that to *Semiramide*, an enduring favorite, and that to *Faust*, less familiar, but full of interest; a splendid piece of instrumentation, and not a bad introduction to Goethe's drama, which it commonly preludes in the best German theatres. Then for a piquant little *entremet*, the "Turkish March." Matter enough, therefore, alike appetizing to the many and the few. Strauss and Gungl were cheerful accessories.

On Wednesday, April 22, the last of these pleasant entertainments took place at the Academy of Music, which was crowded from parquet to upper gallery. The pieces were the *Freyschütz* overture; a Fantasia for violoncello, played by WULF FRIES; the C minor Symphony of Beethoven; a Concert waltz by Strauss, called "Dividenden," which certainly ought to draw; a rather clap-trap Fantasia, describing Swiss life, with horns, cow-bells, real lightning, &c., by Reinhold; and a chorus and finale (orchestral arrangement) from Ferdinand Hiller's opera "Conradin," a musician-like and interesting piece of course. It is greatly to be regretted that, owing to the closing of the Music Hall, and the pre-occupation of the other large halls, these concerts are thus brought to an untimely end. The Orchestral Union have done much for the entertainment and musical culture of a large class of our population.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—The amateurs gave the fifth and last of their Social Orchestral Entertainments to a crowded hall full of guests, last Monday evening. Mr. ZERRAHN, as usual, conducted, and the general impression was that they had never played so well. The programme was as follows:

- Part I.
Grand Symphony, No. 9, D major.....Mozart
Allegro assai.—Andante cantabile.—Finale: Allegro.
- Part II.
1. Overture, "Jean de Paris".....Boildieu
2. Romanze, for English Horn and Flute from "L'Eclair.".....Halévy
3. Minuetto from Symphony No. 3 in E♭.....Mozart
4. Funeral March, from Symphony Eroica, No. 3.....Beethoven
5. Overture, "Don Giovanni".....Mozart

We hurry to press this week on account of the National Fast. We are obliged also, by the number of older letters already in type, to omit a new letter from Philadelphia, and even to curtail our New York correspondent,—from whom, by the way, we differ with regard to Franz, feeling that his songs show *genius* quite as much as Schumann's.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27.—Madame MEDORI left for Europe last week, to the regret of those who admire her impassioned acting, and, in many respects, fine vocalization. The operas given by the Italian company during the past two weeks, have been Verdi's noisy "I due Foscari," and repetitions of "Tone," "Norma," "Il Ballo," and "La Favorita." MARETZEK promises Verdi's "Aroldo," and other novelties, for the short Summer season, to commence on May 4th.

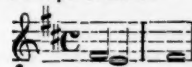
ANSCHUTZ' German company has given "Fidelio" and "Don Giovanni" at the Academy, with much less effect and success than at the small theatre, where the little troupe had no disadvantageous comparisons to fear—of course leaving the character of the music they perform and their excellent orchestra out of the question. Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" will be given, for the first time here, to-night.

A concert was given at Irving Hall, on the evening of Sunday, April 19th, under Mr. ANSCHUTZ' direction, at which, besides Mozart's G Minor Symphony, arias sung by Mdm. Johannsen, Weber's music to "Preciosa" was performed, by a good chorus and orchestra. In order to give the meaning of the detached pieces, the melo-drama was declaimed (adapted and condensed) by Mr. Rose, and Mdm. Scheller, a German actress of agreeable manner and appearance, and who sang the one song of the drama very pleasingly. Weber's music, so fresh, romantic, and full of melody, was as enjoyable in the concert room as on the stage.

The last Philharmonic concert of the season took place, under CARL BERGMANN's conductorship, on Saturday evening. The Symphony was Beethoven's No. 7. This noble creation—perhaps, after the Pastoral, the most generally popular of all the Symphonies, and which seems to have flowed from the soul of the composer in an hour of "peace and good will to all mankind," so full is it of joyous feeling and inspiration—was admirably played by the Society; indeed, we never heard them play with more finish and effectiveness. The other orchestral numbers were, Gade's "Reminiscences of Ossian," in a certain sense a faithful Scotch—or Scandinavian—picture, which, however, will not stand the test of frequent hearings; and Berlioz' overture, "Les freres jumes," noisy and unpleasant. Mr. Hoffman played Mendelssohn's second piano forte concerto with much execution; the Keller study and Chopin's polonaise, were less effective in Mr. Hoffman's very agile hands. Mr. Schreiber played a solo, arranged from Beethoven, on that favorite, but, we think, vulgarized instrument, the cornet à piston, with great facility.

Messrs. MASON and THOMAS gave their last soirée on Thursday evening, April 21st; the programme (which attracted an over-crowded audience) commenced with Bach's concerto for two pianos and string quartet, in which Mr. TIMM assisted the usual executive firm. Perhaps more fire, more light and shade in the performances would have been an improvement, for Bach is the last composer to be put off with ever so fine a merely mechanical execution. The old quartet of Haydn, on the hymn "God preserve the Emperor Francis" was given, and the concert fitly concluded with Beethoven's immense quartet in C sharp minor, No. 14, one of his latest and greatest. A novelty was the singing of Mr. KREISSMANN—intelligent and agreeable, if not faultless; but it will not do to be hypercritical as to his singing, for we were only too glad to hear the songs he gave us. Why cannot such be heard oftener, at these, and similar concerts? Why do the orchestra concert directors disdain the fine voices, as such, forgetful that even in musical sound, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and why will not fine singers give us fine songs? Is "no compromise" the motto of these belligerent powers? The songs selected by Mr. Kreissmann, were some of Franz, and a portion of that series by Schumann "Dichterliche." This hearing of Franz and Schumann recalled a comparison we have often made. Franz is the great talent; perfected, and in a certain measure, made; Schumann is the *genius*; God-anointed. Even in their different treatment of Heine's lyric "Im wandschöwan Monat Mai" (Mr. Kreissmann sang each) we see this; one is a thought; the other an inspiration. Looking back to our old musical impressions we remember how Franz has touched us with quick pleasure, haunting melancholy, a sense of wonder, as at something odd and mediæval, tempered with regret for a musician that has increased in his last works; but has not Schumann thrilled us from the first, in spite of his great faults, with that astonishment, that painful joy, which is only awakened by works of the first order of genius, such as, in lyric poetry; Shelley's "Skl-lark," in painting the Cartoons of Raphael, or York Minster in architecture? (And

seen by moonlight, as we first saw that Cathedral, it is a Symphony in stone). And yet, all honor to the living song writer, the sincere disciple of Bach!



BROOKLYN, N. Y., APRIL 9.—The Extra Concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, the programme of which you will find enclosed, took place last night and was a decided success as regards the musical part of the performance. The house was, in spite of the dreadful weather, comfortably filled, although the treasurer of the society would, perhaps, have liked to see a more numerous audience.

- Part I.
Symphony in G Minor, (first time).....Mozart
Scene—"Infelice".....Mendelssohn
- Miss Brinard.
Sonata—for Piano and Violin, op. 47.....Beethoven
Messrs R. Goldbeck and Theo. Thomas
Romanza—L'Elisir d'Amore—"Una furtiva lagrima.".....Donizetti

- Mr. Castle.
Overture—Egmont.....Beethoven
- Part II.
The Easter Morning—A Sacred Cantata, by Chevalier
Sigismund Neukomm, for Soprano, Tenor, and Basso
solo, and Chorus.

As your regular correspondent will undoubtedly furnish you his report about the musical part of the performance, I would request you to permit me to give you the following statement of facts connected with the same.

The Directors of our Philharmonic Society, it is but just to acknowledge, have long since, in true appreciation of their mission, favored the idea of taking some initiatory step toward the promotion of Vocal music in connection with their flourishing institution. Judge Greenwood, indeed, had sometime ago laid before the Board of Directors the outlines of a plan for the purpose, which met with a very favorable reception. Subsequent to that, our townsman, Prof. Edw. Wiebé, privately made a proposal to some gentlemen of the board of Directors of the Philharmonic to organize an efficient chorus from among the many professional and amateur singers of this city for the purpose of performing a Cantata or Oratorio, if the Directors of the Philharmonic Society would lend their influence and co-operation in the matter. It was proposed also as part of the plan, that the net proceeds should be devoted to creating a fund for the promotion of Choral music in connection with and under the auspices of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. These suggestions were accepted, and, after some sixty singers had been secured, the rehearsals began. Of these sixty singers, the majority belonged to the "Bedford Vocal Union," so that this society deserves the credit of having formed the nucleus of the whole chorus.

From the very beginning of the enterprise, the Philharmonic have shown the deepest interest in it, and this alone could secure the success so happily achieved. It was done not only creditably to the society under whose auspices it was performed, but also acceptably to the refined musical taste of our Brooklyn community.

The Cantata of the "Easter Morning" was selected for the occasion, for reasons which explain themselves. First, it was exactly fit for the occasion, the concert taking place in Easter week. Secondly, it is one of the most beautiful works in the department of sacred music and well adapted to the popular taste. The words are peculiarly tender and impressive, in some portions of the composition, whilst they rise to a high sublimity in other parts. The German poetry was written by Tiedge, an ardent worshipper of religion, not by Tieck, as erroneously stated in Novello's London edition of Neukomm's famous work. The English version which was sung last night, is a much more literal and more singable one and is prepared by Edw. Wiebé, who, assisted by his friend Wm. Cutter, has made many a fine German composition accessible to the lovers of music who speak English. A new edition of the "Easter Morning" with German and English words is now in press, in Germany, and will soon be out.

In conclusion I would mention that to Mr. Theodore Thomas, who led the performance, much credit is due for the amiable manner in which he helped Mr. Wiebé to mature a plan, which, if successfully carried through, cannot fail to prove beneficial in the development of taste for choral music in this community.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 12.—It was a pleasant surprise, strolling into the Musical Fund Hall last Saturday, to find our young friend, Mr. CHARLES SCHMITZ at the conductor's desk; and had it been any one else, I might have looked upon his first appearance as an orchestral leader with fear lest some

untoward accident might deprive him of success. Mr. Schmitz, however, always does well what he attempts, and, knowing this, I banished all fears for his safety, found a seat in the quietest corner of the room, and lay back, considering whether Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would have sounded equally well without the *obligato* accompaniments furnished by the voluble misses on either side of me.

Mr. Grau's company has, thus far, given *Linda, Robert le Diable, Les Noces de Jeannette, La Sonnambula, La Juive* and *Dinorah*.

Dinorah differs essentially from Meyerbeer's greater works: *Robert, Les Huguenots*, and *Le Prophete*, which we are accustomed to regard as types of his style. While the works named seem to possess more of the French or German character, leaning now to the one and now to the other, *Dinorah* suggests very little of the German, but seems a Franco-Italian mixture, in which the individuality of the author is less conspicuous than in previous works. In one thing Meyerbeer remains true to himself. He gives but few unbroken melodies, but changes key and rhythm frequently, even in solos, in order that music and words should be perfectly in keeping. There is also the same elaborate treatment in the orchestral parts.

In Meyerbeer's operas so much depends upon the perfect interweaving of musical and dramatic thought, that to hear them in an unintelligible language is to remain unconscious of many of their great beauties. In lighter operas this want is felt even more readily, because so much depends upon the action of the play, while in tragic works one may be carried along by the wilder measures and more massive harmonies, and need no explanation of what were, otherwise, mere pantomime.

There are several beautiful strains in *Dinorah*. I was especially pleased with the matter and the manner of MORENI's solo in the second act, and was surprised at the ease with which Mlle. CORDIER accomplished the difficult shadow aria. She deserved the applause, but the audience did not deserve a repetition of the most difficult part of her aria. The Italians, including MUZZO, performed in the left-handed way in which the Italians usually render French or German music. The goat left out considerable portions of its rôle, and was very capricious, which made me conclude it must be a tenor goat. Orchestra and chorus were poor enough. The "real water" for the inundation scene had been procured "at great expense" and was announced in large type, on flaming posters. It overdid its part and, running over the stage into the orchestra, threatened to drown out the musicians.

When I hear of *Don Giovanni* (it is announced for Mr. Grau's benefit, to-morrow) I am reminded of the performance of the same opera by the Anschütz Company, and shudder at the thought of it.

NIEMAND.

PITTSFIELD MASS., APRIL 8.—The winter with us has been unenlightened by musical *sun* or *stars*, and during its long months, nothing, save performers in the "minstrel" line, has risen above our horizon. But spring, with its first blue-bird and robin, has brought us also an artistic feast, in a call from the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club," as they passed on their way West. The Programme comprised the best and most pleasing selections from their rural repertoire. May we hear them often, and may our wealthy citizens bestir themselves so that, on their next visit, their music may fill a larger and more commodious Hall, worthy of such music, and of so intelligent and appreciative an audience.

On the following evening, April 7th, the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute," a sister companion of the "Club," in its aims and high standard, closed their seventh year by a musical Soirée, at which the

following Programme was performed by the pupils.

Part I.

1. Jubel Overture.....Weber
Misses Anna W. Shaw and Mary W. Bassett.
2. Aria—"Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Miss Lillian H. Bly.
3. Grand Sonata in D.....Schubert
Miss Mary Chapman.
4. Song for three voices.....Richard Hol
Misses Bly, Bailey and Gardner.
5. Lied ohne Worte.....Mendelssohn
A. F. Rohlfmann.
6. Cavatina from "Nil Andronicus".....Mercadante
Miss C. E. Gardner.
7. Grand Sonata in F.....Haydn
Miss L. H. Bly.

Part II.

8. Grand Symphony No. 5, in C minor.....Beethoven
Misses Chapman and Bly.

The pieces are some of them too well known to your readers, to need comment. The Sonata by Schubert is a wonderful example of his fruitful and peculiar genius, sparkling with originality and beauty. The Haydn Sonata was also exceedingly brilliant. The *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn was a favorite one, and well performed by a young German, who, as I learn, in the space of a year and a half has made wonderful progress in theoretical study, and has also acquired a good degree of skill in execution. During the first year of his study, being a weaver by trade, and obliged to labor, he occupied his mind with his lessons while at the loom, committing to memory the chords, which were thus thought out, and practising them diligently after release from mechanical toil from eight o'clock to ten in the evening, which was his only opportunity for practice. During the last few months he has forsaken the loom for the Organ and Piano Forte, and with determined energy and perseverance is pursuing the studies for which his quickness of thought, application and talents, are adapted.

Did time and your space permit, we could speak at length in praise of the performance of the well known and ever wonderful C minor Symphony, and of the vocal part of the programme. "Dove sono" from "Don Giovanni" was sung in a manner that would do honor to a professional vocalist.

The performances of all the pupils at this concert were highly creditable to their instructors, who must be encouraged by their improvement and skill to pursue the same undeviating course in presenting to them for study such noble works, and in endeavoring to create a love for them. We are not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Oliver's method of teaching to know how it differs from others, but we see from its results that his pupils, even after the study of but one year, share his distaste for musical trash and become imbued with a deep love and respect for the great masters and for all that is high in musical art. We wish that more of our teachers were moved to labor earnestly for the cultivation of good taste, and we should soon see the result in a general appreciation of classical concerts, and our artists would not so often be obliged to present a sugared pill by offering to the public "light, popular music," Waltzes and "Opera re-hash," as an inducement to listen to a Symphony or Quartet.

Persistent and earnest effort in the right way will accomplish wonders, and a teacher's influence is enduring, for right or wrong. Let each and every one see to it that his effort and influence is for improvement and elevation in music, as well as in mind and morals. Man in his natural state is degraded and unintellectual. The natural and uncultivated "taste for music" is also low and unrefined, only requiring in its primitive development the measured beat of the dance in its various forms, to give pleasure and delight. A slight degree of cultivation introduces melody and song, mingled with the love of rhythmic measure; but it is only after study and devotion to the Art that mingled harmony and melody overcome and banish from thought the still ever ruling and prevailing rhythm, and give that excellent joy and delight which is a foretaste of Heaven.

ACANTHUS.

Special Notices.

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Musicians should not forget this truly valuable and standard work, by a man who seems to have been born to be a prominent American musical historian and antiquary. All of the brotherhood who do anything worthy of note, are sure of a short immortality, at least, for Mr. Moore keeps their names and deeds filed away in his desk, at Bellows Falls.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

